

JEALOUSY MOTIVE FOR COLD BLOODED MURDER

(Silver City Enterprise)

Jealousy over a woman was the cause of a cold-blooded murder in Cottonwood canyon on the road to the Lower Gila, about forty miles southwest of Silver City, last Monday night between 10 and 11 o'clock. At that time Manuel Terrazas, the murdered man, and a woman, Guadalupe Vea, with whom he had been living for the last four years, were camped near the spring in the canyon. They were on their way to the lower Gila where Terrazas was taking the woman to reside as he did not care to have her live in Leopold with him, where he was employed, owing to the wills of Alvin Davila, another suitor of whom Terrazas was jealous.

Earlier in the day it is alleged Davila was on his way back from the lower Gila, having gone there to get the woman and bring her to Leopold to live with him. Terrazas hearing of Davila's intentions, started after Davila and met him and the woman on their way back. According to the woman's story he made her get down from the vehicle in which they were riding, at the point of a gun and accompany him back to the Gila. They started back, Terrazas and the woman, Davila going on to Leopold, presumably. However, between 10 and

11 o'clock that night, according to the woman's testimony, Davila stole upon them at their camp and without warning shot Terrazas down in cold blood. He was shot twice, once through the back of the head, the bullet penetrating the brain and passing out near the mouth and causing instantaneous death, the other through the lower part of the cheek and coming out on the other side. From the nature of the wound, the bullet was .44 or .45 calibre. The body of the murdered man was not found until Wednesday, when a lad, the son of a neighboring ranchman, discovered it on a high bench of land above the spring. He immediately reported the discovery and Deputy Sheriff Telles summoned a coroner's jury which after viewing the remains rendered a verdict of murder.

Telles started after the man and woman and overtook them on their way to Leopold and in company with Sheriff McGrath, who had been notified of the murder by phone, took them to Silver City where they were locked in the county jail. They had their preliminary hearing before Justice Newcomb and were bound over to the grand jury without bail. The woman is about 25 years of age and has a daughter three years old by Terrazas.

BIG MINING DEAL IN SOCORRO COUNTY

Eastern and English capitalists according to Dr. F. W. Seward, the founder of Romero Ranch Resort five miles south of Las Vegas, have purchased at Silver City all the holdings of the Mogollon Gold and Copper company, situated in the Mogollon mountains in Socorro county and a payment of \$50,000 will be made immediately upon a transfer of the property, the balance being paid in installment. The property which will change hands in this sale, is considered one of the best in the southwest.

It is understood the entire property will be bonded and that it will be developed at once. These properties are known to be very rich and but for the turmoil during the past few years between the different managements, the stockholders and others, it is believed the properties would have paid large dividends.

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A man likes to think that a woman thinks he is better than he knows he is.

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Does the ugly chorus girl come under the head of "stage frights?"

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ABSORBLETS

He—Will you share my lot?
She—Yes, when you have a house on it that is paid for.—Judge.

Tommy—Paw, I've heard you talk about Easy street. Where is it?
Mr. Tucker—It's at the further end of a long, rough and hilly thoroughfare called Hard Work street, my boy.—Chicago Tribune.

"I can marry a rich girl, whom I do not love, or a penniless girl, whom I love dearly. Which shall I do?"
"Follow the dictates of your heart, my boy, and be happy. Marry the poor one, and—say—would you mind introducing me to the other one?" —Lippincott's.

Indiscriminate Giver — Don't you find it very hard to get along?
Gentleman with Eye Trouble — Somethin' awful, lady. Why, the cost of livin' is goin' up so that the cop on this beat, who used t'be satisfied with 50 cents a week, won't let me work here for less'n a dollar an' a half.—Puck.

An artist had finished a landscape and on looking up he beheld an Irish navvy gazing at his canvas. "Well," said the artist, familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment. "Sure, a man c'n do anything if he's druv to it," he replied.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ascum—How are your friends, the Citi-mans?
Subbubs—Why—er—we can hardly be said to be friends now. The Citi-mans no longer reside in Philadelphia, you know.

Ascum—I know: I heard they had moved out into the country where you are.
Subbubs—That's just it; we're neighbors now.—Ex.

A butcher of a certain village being a devout Christian, whenever he sent a business note invariably accompanied it with a text.

A certain lady, wishing him to kill some of her pigs, sent him a letter to notify him of the fact, to which he sent the following reply:

"Dear Madam: I will call on Friday to kill your hogs, without fail. Yours, Mr. B.

"N. B.—Be ye also ready." —Tit-Bits.

A member of the Nebraska legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and, in concluding, said:

"In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered:

"Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah."

"Noah nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark." —Buffalo News.

A small Wichita boy's father is a democrat. But at the grandfather's house all are republicans, and when he visited the latter place he heard a good many jokes flung at democracy and its friends. He tried to stay loyal, however.

One day his aunt was helping him through with his lessons, when he suddenly flung his books into a corner of the room and said:

"Auntie, it's no use. I'm not going to learn to read. It's no use, I tell you. Why, I've got to be a democrat, anyway."—Kansas City Journal.

A \$900-per annum clerk in one of Uncle Sam's departments at Washington was recently approached by a co-worker, who asked if it were true, as rumor had it, that the \$900 person was about to marry.

"It is," was the laconic response. "Surely, old man," said the other, with that freedom permitted an intimate friend, "you don't think that your present income would justify you in taking a wife."

"To be perfectly frank," said the other, "I do not."

"Then what on earth can be your reason for taking this serious step?"

"I have no reason," was the calm response. "I am in love." —Lippincott's.

Call up Main 2 when you have any news. The Optic wants it.

HER TALE OF WOE



"If I were a benighted heathen," said the girl who likes to talk, "I know where I'd burn conciliatory incense. I would not scatter it about—I'd bunch it, pounds of it, and have a regular bonfire before the god of malign fate. Oh! there must be one, you know!"

"Now, there was the other night when we were to meet Genevieve downtown for dinner. Genevieve is our dearest friend

from out of town and is visiting in a north shore suburb. Her trip to Chicago was mainly to shop. From her first waking moment to the instant when she closed her eyes at night she was going to do nothing but tear madly about from store to store, buying, matching, comparing, ordering, charging and sending home. She was to have no thought of anything else. This she had beaten in upon our brains through letters and telephone messages. Even taking time to dine with us downtown was for her a great concession.

"I found my sister the afternoon of the dinner, regretfully putting aside her new hand-embroidered shantung frock that I knew she was absolutely dying to wear somewhere. Also she replaced her hat with the willow plumes amid its tissue paper wrappings and resolutely kept her eyes away from the fluff evening wrap."

"We can't wear 'em," she told me dolefully, though firmly. How she knew I had been holding similar rites over my pink broadcloth and rose hat I don't know. "We can't wear 'em! Genevieve will have been shopping all day of course, and be in her street clothes and we don't want to make her feel uncomfortable. It wouldn't do!"

"No!" I agreed, sadly, "it wouldn't. Isn't it a shame? I suppose it means tailor suits!"

"Yes," said my sister with the light of martyrdom in her eyes. "And not even lace waists. No human being can wear a lace waist to shop in, so Genevieve probably will have on just a tailored one. I shall wear my plainest wash waist and you do the same and of course we'll wear our street hats."

"So we robed ourselves for the sacrifice. It was a real sacrifice, because if there is anything which is a joy on earth to me it is to get into my best clothes and dine downtown in a fashionable restaurant and know I look as well as the rest of 'em!"

"Maybe," my sister said as we slunk into the most exclusive cafe in town where Genevieve and my sister's husband and his brother were to join us severally, "maybe strangers seeing us will think we've just got into town from off the train and of course our trunks haven't come. We've got to trust to luck that we don't run across anybody we know! Horrors! There are the Plankingtons and that's a real lace frock or I'll eat my hat! I'd like to, anyhow! Hide behind this pillar!"

"We did so, occupying the idle moments in dusting soot from each other's noses. You see, being in shopping garb, we didn't have any excuse for ordering a taxicab to bring us down and had taken the train from Hyde Park. The lake wind besides peppering us with soot had blown our hair awfully. We weren't happy. Far from it."

"The two men arrived next. Of course, they weren't in evening clothes either, in concession to the spirit of the occasion.

"While we sat surveying one another grumpily we saw a huge touring car spin up to the entrance and a French fashion plate descend therefrom. Oh, it is Genevieve, of course. She had dutifully gone out to the north shore suburb after her shopping to prepare for the gala occasion! Maybe the prince of India's wife or daughter might have rivaled her, but I doubt it."

"From the point of view of an innocent nonparticipant in the occasion Genevieve was a lifetime's expensive dream, but from the infinitesimal spot on earth which my sister and I occupied at that instant she was a finger of scorn pointed at our cowering, tailor-garbed forms; The men—oh, what do men care whether they have on low-cut waistcoats or not? They just beamed on Genevieve and forgot themselves."

"I must say that Genevieve behaved beautifully to us. Everybody in the cafe looked at her so intently that I don't think anybody noticed us. Probably the general impression was that we were her maids or secretaries."

"That isn't all. What do you suppose those benighted men had done? Something had been said about going to a vaudeville after dinner. That gave the god of malign fate another chance to get in his work!"

"I suppose," said the girl, gloomily, "that if we had togged ourselves out as we wanted to Genevieve would have met us in a raincoat, a bicycle cap and an injured expression! That's why I say if I were a heathen I'd buy the most efficient incense burner I could find and keep it working overtime!" —Chicago Daily News.

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